

THE
KING S
MAIESTIES
S P E E C H ,
A S

It was delivered the second of November
before the University and City of
O X F O R D .

T O G E T H E R

With a gratulatory Replication expressed
by that learned Man Doctor Wil-
liam Strode, Orator for the
famous University of
O X F O R D .



First printed at Oxford, and now re-printed at
London, 1642.

THE
KINDES
MAESTRIES
SPHERE

AS

It was delivered by the people of Antwerp
before the hand of King Philip
OKAD

TOGETHER

With a new Republicke
Philippus II. King of Spain
and Duke of Milan
and Sicily, Doctor of the
University of Alcalá de Henares
OKAD



Printed at Oxford for the author
London, 1612.

1582 NOV 10. BROWNE RYDGE

AD 1582 NOV 10. BROWNE RYDGE

The Kings Maiesties Speech.

As it was delivered the second of November
before the University of Oxford.

TO C E H E R had all in this
With a gratulatory Replication expressed by that
learned Mai Doctor *William Strode*, Orator
of the Field for the famous University of
O X F O R D.

IT brings great comfort unto me, that
I am now almost in the heart of my
Kingdome; and it brings more com-
fort unto me, that I am now in the
hearts of my subiects. I would to
God we had all one heart in earnest, that so neither
my Kingdome should suffer, nor I complaine. You
see what is daily committed against me (who am in-
deed the father of your Countrey) and I am most sor-
ry, that any par of my Kingdome should owne those
subiects (who in pretence of religioun) shoulde lament

it, and desirg it. I come not here as a Conquerour, but as your Soveraigne; and believe me, there is not a drop of blood hath fallen from a true loyall subiect, but I have sympathized with it. All the blood is lost, dorth but open my wounds the wider, and I am sorry that you doe not understand it. Believe me on the word of a Prince, on the word of your Soveraigne, there is nothing more deare unto me then Religion, the Religion of my Father and the Royall Quoene his predecessor, a religion which ever from her owne flumes hath arched more pure, and multiplied. This is my businesse to you, in which I hope I shall satisfie both God and you. And since I have left the warre behinde me, take peace and the day whyle you seeke, I see the cloudy make haft to overcome it. The Stepper is and must bee mine, Vnite your selves to maintaine so honourable, so iust a cause, and what one hand cannot infringe, let many maintaine: You have God for your cause, you have me for his second, and since both are together, who can oppose us? You have seen the first and second victory, which the justice and mercy of God hath in boone pleased to bestow upon me. In the first we have taken prisoners and slaughtered the eliest of their men, which was the sinewes of Britony. In the second, we have taken all their meaneing, which is the sinewes of bratay. Warre and Victory, Victory and Victorie; and since the first is come unto us by stratagy, so I hope the second will bee devolved to us amiralitie, by inheritance. — Sir Edward Gentlemen.

Gentlemen, my heart doth bleed to see the losse
of so many of my people, and where wante of me
preuale upon me, piety hath done. I bleed in your
wounds, and am much overcome to heare my selfe
a Conquerour. Give me your hearts, and preserve
your owne blouds. The heart of a Prince is kept
warmed with the blood of his subiects: the blood of
the subiects being not to be preserved, were it not
loyally entertained into the heart of the Prince. The
movings of my Lord of Essex, sid never trouble mee,
I have offered my selfe in a quiet and inoffensive
march, which I have found as open as it was in my
progresse.

I have indeavoured after a desired reconciliation,
and I hope ere many daies passe over, to see it accom-
plished. It shall be a great happynesse unto mee, if
through the many troubles and trauailes of my
life, I can distill at laft the Sovereigne Balmie of
peace into the desperate wounds of my distracted
Kingdome.

The Speech of the University Orator to gratulate his
Majesties comming unto Oxford.

High words cannot reach the ioy that your presence hath created in our heares, which doe blesse our eyes for so desired an object. Learning doth acknowledge the mercy of Heaven in bringing your Maiesty to give voyce to the dumbe Academy, and renue the Muses, slaine by that *Briareus* of ignorance, which breathes nothing but Religions destruction. Our Oxford hath now throwne off all clouds of discontent, and stands cleare, gilded by the beames of your Maiesties Royall presence. The burden cast on me, is my ioy, or rather the ioy of the Academy, exalting into a learned amazement, and raptured into speech to see your Maiesty. All gratulation cannot comply with our thoughts, to shew the pleasure our fancie takes to behold your Maiesty. See Royall King, how Oxford, beauteous in her age, doth kneele, making teares of ioy a Sacrifice, and begging to be protected from threatened ruine. Shall the Spring of learning bee dam'd up? while ignorance doth teare and rend the Muses Garlands, as would both contemne and destroy Schollers: For no enemy can learning have, unlesse it bee the ignorant. Your Royall Maiesty is by descent, a protector of learning, and borne (as your Father was) to bee the glory

glory and defender of the Muses. This may strongly invite your love, wherein wee are already happy in some degrees. But wee feare a malignant enemy should violate our cleare *Minerva*, and banish from her both maintenance and glory. Pure zeale doth make them seeke with one blow to destroy both learning and Religion, now bleeding and wounding by schismatical heads, and expecting cure from your Royal Majestie. Yet our feares are great, and grounde upon the unhappy late of learning, whereof we spise of precise Schollers that weare black onely to mourne for the decease of learning. But ioy cannot imagine the time discreet for a iust reprove, and therefore I must tell what pleasure doth refresh and water our thirsty Gardes, rather then complaine of scorching heate of persecution. Our memory must not be active in striving to manifest sorrow incompatible with our present ioy. Enlarge thy selfe therefore *Oxford*: and let not any griefe so blinde thy heart to a stupid peace, but let loud gratulations wound the aire with reporting

welcome to our Gracious King.

CHARLES.

shoulde have legged her of all her Mysse. There is in England
 many a son that is a knave and a rascal, and a knave and a
 rascal doth no good. But as for honeste and milde men, they
 shoulde alwaye have their chere wheresoever they were. But
 now per people misinconueitance and gloria. There was
 good mene therin to thowthir the p[er]son to be honeste, but
 lessening had he gloria, now peareing and wondring
 by lechynemental fayres, and exchevyng come from Agnes
 Ronsay Wif of him. Yet out fayrelyng algebracal and eloue-
 lyng of bliche & cholleris stiller mette p[er]son openly to
 shonne for indecessate of lechyning. But for certeyn
 tyme before thidtyme glider for a knyfe to bridge
It is reported by men of good creast and authuray in
 the Cite of Oxford, and by thos man with a watch-
 full eye have beheld all his abions, that Prince Ro-
 bert keper his sholders an good. D[omi]n[u]m. Whether
 al those dysdens compayned hym of his sholders
 shapelyng or not, he had not sayd shynge to sayd
 shynge. Now of thidtyme with his sholders

